

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—Cooper.



CAPTAIN CHANCELLOR AND MADAME TOPLIFFE.

THE CRINKLES OF CRINKLEWOOD HALL.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN sufficiently recovered from the shock he had sustained, and sure that the enemy would not return, the governor rang the bell.

"Shuck, if that fellow shows his face again, don't let him in, you hear?" he cried, greatly excited.

"What feller?" Shuck coolly inquired.

The governor could not command himself to pro-

No. 1303.—DECEMBER 16, 1876.

nounce the name; he pointed to the card on the table.

"Oh! him on the card?" cried Shuck. "Very good: well, he've seed you once, so he've been better treated than Job's wife."

"Job's wife? What do you mean? Are you mad?"

"Not by no means," he answered; "I wish as everybody was as right in the head; I was a-speaking about Job Chippery's wife, as had to walk from Crinkle, and came full of her troubles, and you

PRICE ONE PENNY.

wouldn't hear about *one*; about Job being underpaid, and as they'd ought to have a free house, like other folks; and more, if I could remember it."

"She shan't complain again," said the governor, fiercely. "Send the fellow off; pay him up; go at once and do it."

Shuck was thunderstruck. "There isn't a better hand; works in all weathers; never comes for no drink," he began; but the governor shook his fist at him, and stopped him. "Leave me alone," he said; "do *all* I have ordered—go!"

Shuck did not think it expedient to venture another word, and sorry though he was, once more went down the road where Job was working. As he reached the spot he heard voices, and stopped to ascertain who was with him; it might be Mrs. Chippery, and he had no wish, with his present commission in hand, to encounter her.

But it was the voice of "him on the card." Shuck heard him say, as he stood behind a ledge of rock, "Ah, it is a good thing to believe and understand as you do, friend, that whatever helps to humble us is a blessing, though it may wear a dark disguise."

"That's well," he thought, "and seemingly Job's mind is in the same way, so he won't take it so hard being turned off;" whereupon he advanced, not sorry to find also that he could execute both his unpleasant commissions at once.

"Job," he began, with a slight nod-like bow to the other, "seems as if you was to take easy what I've got to say, being as you're content to have a bit of trouble, and sure, I hope it'll do you good, though I'd rather have come to tell you of a bit of luck."

Job, who was kneeling down, fitting in some stones he had been shaping to make the path firm and level, looked up inquiringly.

"Sorry I am to say it, for all you counts the worst to be for the best; but you're turned off, and are not to put a tool no more on this road, which is a foolish thing, for you're doing it well. I'll say that," he continued, taking out the canvas bag from which he always paid the workmen, and counting up what was due.

"Turned off?" cried Job, still on his knees; "how is that? For why?"

"Your missus complained this morning very bitter, and I told her when I'd got the opportunity I'd mention it to gov'nor; and him being in a work worse than I've seen him in for a longful time, I put it to him; then that was how it was."

"It was a pity," said Captain Chancellor, "that you should have told him when he was angry."

"Well, it do seem so," replied Shuck, "but when he's pretty straight and pleasant it's a pity to put him out, you see; and when he's in the middlins there's danger of his getting aggravated into a rage; so when it's all as bad as can be, and can't be no worse, if I've got an awkward job on hand I hit it in then, and sometimes, being a fresh thing like, it brings him round."

"Then it wasn't my wife's foolish talk that first put him wrong?" asked Job.

"Never a bit," said Shuck; "it were you, sir," looking at the captain, "and you'd best not come back to the house, for he won't see you. You was to be told that."

"No fear of it, friend," cried Captain Chancellor, smiling; but Job looked grave, and almost sorrowful.

"Suppose I shan't be able to get in at the quarries?" he said to Shuck.

"No, nobody goes there but them as gets the governor's leave," he replied.

"No—Well!" said Job, gathering up his tools and taking off his smock. "I've looked for it to come to this some day, and I must bide by it."

"Perhaps he may be sorry and change his mind when he cools down," suggested the captain.

"He never cools, nor forgives nobody," said Shuck, "so it's no manner of good to look for that; and if you'd a' had the chance, sir, you might a' told him as there's a plenty to be forgiven *him*, and he's in a dangerous way of not making his peace for it, being as he won't show no mercy."

Shuck, who felt very sorry for Job, more especially as he had been the indirect cause of his trouble, spoke with real indignation, and went on to say he knew what hardships were himself, for it wasn't one in a thousand would bear what he had to put up with, he was sure of that. "And me serving him all these years," he added, "and saving of his life, and his fortune too."

While he was speaking the sorrow had passed out of Job's face, and he said to Shuck, "Tell governor I thank him for all past favours, and I'm sorry to leave his work;" then turning to the captain he added, "It might be worse, sir. I have my limbs all right, and the will to work. My 'six days' are not up yet; while they run I shall have work to do somewhere, and when they are over—Sunday!"

The captain had returned towards the station by the same road he had taken to the Thorpe. He wanted to ascertain what local particulars he could from Job relative to the quarries, and he also desired to give him a word of comfort with respect to his wife, and to counsel him that he ought not to surrender his post of "head," nor, for peace sake, give up the authority it was his duty to her to maintain. So, after Shuck's commission had been executed, he said he would walk with Job, and get his direction to Upper Crinkle, where he would wait till the night train.

There were two Crinkles, one built on high ground, commanding a good view, healthy, and picturesque. It had good houses, and many very respectable inhabitants. This was called Upper Crinkle.

Lower Crinkle, as the other was styled, lay in the valley on the banks of the river, and although it presented a most captivating picture to the artist, those who lived in its narrow, lane-like streets found little beauty in it. It was ill-drained, exposed to the damp and fogs rising from the river and the marshy swamp around it; and though pretty indeed to look at in a sail down the stream, it was found neither healthy nor pleasant on a closer acquaintance. It was, however, thickly inhabited, for the rents were very low, and Crinkle market was so near that a ready sale could be obtained for the river fish, which the men caught and their wives easily disposed of.

But all who lived there were not fishermen. The quarrymen found it a handy distance from their work, which the ferry enabled them to reach with little time and toil. It was well enough for the men, whether working on the river or in the quarries; they were out in the fresh air all day, and cared nothing for the close and often pestilent atmosphere around their homes. But the women! they had reason to cry out, and they did. Complaints were being made continually to the owners of the dwellings, and the parish authorities were clamoured at; but every body said (except the women), "The children are fat and rosy, surely things cannot be so very bad." And a

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talk was started of the advisability of pulling down Little Crinkle altogether, and letting the ground to a rich tanner, who would gladly have taken it as a capital place for large premises and yards in which to carry on a business that had wholly outgrown his present conveniences. This "talk," when it began, always had the effect of shutting the mouths of the women. They wanted to have something done, but that "something" was not the turning them out of house and home, and forcing them into another neighbourhood, which would have been to them another world.

In one of these "tenements," as they were called, Job's wife was now busy toiling, cleaning her furniture, and trying to make it "decent," which, she averred, never could be done in such "a hole as it was!"

One of the few touches of tenderness in this woman's character was a love of flowers. This she possessed strongly, and it was often the means of beguiling her from a fit of sullen grumbling, sometimes even from a burst of passion.

She had taken her geraniums and a Scarborough lily, on which she much prided herself, from the window-seat, and placed them on the table while she cleaned the panes. When Job and Captain Chancellor came to the door, she pushed the table behind it and released two chairs that had been laid on each other, to enable them to enter and seat themselves; not that she usually indulged her husband with such attentions, but the gentleman's present was fresh in her mind, and she felt bound to welcome him. At the same moment who should appear but Johnny Marks, with his basket on his arm. Much disappointed was she when the captain passed on to Upper Crinkle, and Job and Johnny came in. Job, without uttering a word, threw his basket and smock on the table behind him, and leaned against it. Johnny came forward, and with a bow and a smile offered from his basket a pretty nosegay, saying, "I thought as I would bring you this, Mrs. Chipperry, seeing as you had been in trouble, and knowing as flowers is great comforters to them who loves them as you do."

Mrs. Chipperry was mollified. She took the gift, and with a grumbling "thank'ee" set about scrutinising the flowers. "You don't grow 'tufty pinks' here like we do in Yorkshire," she cried, with an exulting grin; "but you can't expect it, of course. Why," (looking at his basket) "you've got a Scarborough lily! Well, so have I, and a beauty *mine* is."

"And so is this. It's bespoke, and I'm just going to take it to Upper Crinkle for the window, to set off the lodgings in Rock Street."

"Who's a-lodging there?" inquired Mrs. Chipperry.

"It's Madame—Madame—I can't mind her name; but she's of a deal of consequence, and from what they said at the baker's, where the news is pretty correct, she's kin to the governor."

"Then she don't deserve never a lily, nor nothing so good, not if she's like him," exclaimed Mrs. Chipperry.

"I don't know as she minds about lilies, but as to deserving of 'em, if we all got what we deserved there'd be changes, wouldn't there, Job?"

Job, who still leant in silence against the table, just slightly nodded, as if his thoughts were elsewhere.

Although he was generally grave, Johnny was

struck by his face now, and he was also sure, when he thought of it, that his being at home at that unusual hour argued something had happened, so he stood with his basket in his hand and looked at him for an explanation. Job thought company might be an advantage to him in telling his bad news, so he said out at once, "You wonder to see me here; but I've done with the governor, leastways, he's done with me; turned off and paid up at a minute's notice."

"Dear heart!" cried Johnny; "and shall you go to the quarries?"

"Quarries isn't open to them as the governor takes against," said Job; "but never fear, I haven't turned myself off, nor lost my place through my own fault, but only by my misfortune. I shall find work somewhere."

He did not look at his wife as he spoke, but the truth flashed on her in an instant. Although restrained in a degree by Johnny's presence, she burst into a flood of tears more of anger than sorrow, exclaiming, "That's the way with you always, to lay the complaining work upon me, and then flout me for it. If you'd been a man, and spoke up, there'd been no need for me to go worriting and aggravating myself; and I said no more than the truth, as 'I wished the governor had to live a month in this hole, and then he'd know what it was, and give us one of the quarrymen's cottages;' and as to 'misfortune,' I'm sure it was a misfortune for me as I ever came out of Yorkshire."

"Maybe Madame Topliffe, that's the lady's name, could help you. Baker's folks was saying as she owns part of the quarries, and she's in no fear of the governor," said Johnny.

"But how can one get to see her?" asked Job.

"Oh, she's just come to Top Crinkle. I just been leaving a salad and some 'sparagas there; it's one of the grand Cliff houses she's in," said Johnny. "Come away, Job, come at once; she's able to help, and they say she's a good lady as is always willing; go and put it to her, she won't take governor's part, by what baker says, no fear."

The two men stood talking together for a minute, while Mrs. Chipperry went on bewailing her lot in a high key. Johnny then took the road to Crinkle, and left Job and his wife together.

"Johnny needn't a' be so proud of his Scarborough lily," said Mrs. Chipperry, who, having spent the violence of her wrath, was examining the posy with much interest; "it's a good one, but mine's a deal finer; better colour, too, and taller and larger. Here, Job, get away, and let me put back the flowers."

She gave her husband a push, for he was resting against the table, and when he moved—ah! dismal sight—there was his smock, with his basket on top of it, lying on the flowers. She was speechless for a moment, but her breath returning, she took up the smock and threw it at him, flung his basket out at the door, and taking the shattered lily in her hands, burst into a torrent of abuse, declaring she was "the miserablest woman in the world."

"Missus," said Job, after waiting till she had spent her strength in railing, and had thrown herself into a chair to cry with the broken lily in her hand.

"You needn't a 'missus' me; I'm 'missus' to nobody, nor nothing," she sobbed out.

"Well, 'wife,' if that'll suit you better," he said, in a voice which was so unlike his usual one that she stared at him and ceased crying.

"You needn't a' speak sharp—like that," she said, waiting for what was coming in some curiosity.

"I don't want to speak sharp, but I'll speak plain; if I'd been plain sooner, maybe it would be better for both on us. I think to emigrate."

"To what?" she cried.

"To emigrate. Canada, I've heard, is a fine country; I can go there."

"I'm not a-going all that way from Yorkshire, so don't think it," she answered, fiercely.

"Stop till you're axed; I never axed you," he answered, coolly and firmly.

"What! so you mean to leave me to shift for myself. A fine husband you are; and you so religious, too!" She was much excited as she uttered this.

For a moment Job seemed inclined to answer her, but, checking himself, he went and stood in the doorway, and from his heart went up a silent supplication for wisdom and direction. He turned round and stood before her. "Wife," he said, "few words is best. You've many times said you was a fool to marry me, and you've a pining after Yorkshire; go back there. If so be as Madame Topliffe can put me on at the quarries, all well; but if not, it'll make a way for you and me to part without bad credit to either of us, for then I'll go to 'Merica, where Canada is. I'll send you money as I get it, and you can be happy as you was afore you knowed me, and I can get on in peace without having it on my mind that I'd ought to teach you better, and manage you better, and can't, for all I've prayed and tried, God knows how much!"

When he had said this, without waiting for her reply, he went out and turned up the street towards Upper Crinkle.

Had she heard him aright? Was she awake or dreaming? Job, her husband, go to Canada, wherever that might be, and she go to Yorkshire! She was awake, it was no dream, and he had spoken as she had never heard him speak since she had known him. So stern, so positive; not in a hasty fit like her own, when her words came out without her weighing or caring for them, without her knowing what they were; sober, deliberate words he had uttered, and right sure she felt they would be turned into deeds. Long she sat, stupefied; it would tire the reader to describe the conflict her mind underwent between pride on the one hand, and grief and shame on the other; but the result was that, after a hard struggle, she resolved to humble herself and tell him that even Yorkshire would not be happiness to her if separated from him. The remembrance of his long forbearance, his unvaried kindness, and his generous treatment of her came flooding in till her heart was full, and she longed for his return, indifferent as to the success of his mission, so that she could "be one with him again."

CHAPTER IV.

IN Mrs. Macfarlane's best room sat Madame Topliffe. Who was Mrs. Macfarlane? She was the owner of one of the chief houses in Upper Crinkle, and let lodgings to such of the higher class as resorted to that town—large village, in strict speech—to enjoy the beauties of the scenery, for it was a spot renowned for its attractions far and near.

And who was Madame Topliffe? She had been a Miss Chancellor—not a sister, but a distant cousin of the late Widow Crinkle and her sister Hester. She was a widow, and she had married a Frenchman,

and had spent much of her life on the Continent. She liked the Continent better than England, being, as she said, far less hampered by conventionalism there than here. She was a woman of superior parts, untiring energy, and undaunted resolution. Like her cousin Hester, she went over five-barred gates almost without a look or a thought. She was of the middle height, upright as a dart; her face was pale, her hair was grey; she had no attractions of person that would have made an artist entreat her to sit for him, for her beauty was not of the flesh, but of the mind and spirit, and far too high and subtle to be painted. There was a fascination in her grey eye that acted like a spell on those with whom she came in contact, and she obtained a mastery over all with ease, often puzzling them as to how it was they had so readily given way. But perhaps, notwithstanding her high mental powers, this would not so often have been the case had it not been for her noble benevolence, full and free, and her genuine simplicity. There was a charm about her which these graces, no doubt, greatly contributed to make victorious.

Well, such was Madame Topliffe; her circumstances in life were fair in respect of money, though she was not by any means rich; her position in Paris, and wherever she pitched her tent, was high; the best society, that most refined and most exalted by rank and intellect, eagerly sought her out and looked on her as an ornament to their circle. She loved such society, but she was not dependent on it for happiness, she had too many resources in herself for that. Moreover, she had the power of reading and rightly appreciating character in a remarkable way, so that she could find companionship where others would have missed it, because conventional rules raised a barrier which she could overleap, but which to them were impassable.

She was very busy now; on the table before her were a pile of books and a heap of papers. On the top of the frizzled, grey curls into which her hair had arranged itself—for every hair was a type of its owner, and took its independent way without interference from her—was perched a cap, which looked as if it had fallen there to rest, like a sea-bird in its flight; yet it gave a finish to her appearance that the most studied toilet would have failed to effect. She evidently had business—and very important business too—on hand, for she had on her brow the slight frown that always indicated such a state of things. As she inspected paper after paper, she seemed to gather conviction of a satisfactory kind, for a smile of triumph displaced the frown, and she exclaimed, "There it is, and let him question it if he likes; he can't contradict it to any purpose!"

"A gentleman, ma'am, would like to see you," said Mrs. Macfarlane, looking, after the announcement was made, rather disconcertedly at the Scarborough lily with which she had graced the window, which was now on a stool in the corner.

"Ah! you are sorry for that tall flower! A fine flower—very handsome—but it shuts out the light, so put it in your own window. I love flowers on banks and in meadows, but I detest having them in windows."

Mrs. Macfarlane forgot "the gentleman" in her disappointment at the slighted lily, and was carrying it out of the room, when Madame Topliffe added, "What gentleman has paid me a visit? any name? any card?"

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"Beg your pardon, ma'am," answered the landlady; "it's Captain Chancellor; he said he hadn't a card."

"Captain Chancellor! Nothing could have been more *apropos*; show him up, pray!" exclaimed madame, with great animation.

Another instant and she was at the top of the stairs to meet him. "My dear Capel—how delightful! What kind chance led you here at this juncture?"

The captain returned her hearty greeting as heartily, and explained that he was waiting for a train, and had but a few minutes before heard that she was in the place. After mutual congratulations on their unexpected meeting, she entered into her purpose in being at Crinkle without waiting to inquire as to his. Shuffling over the papers, she laid before him in rapid succession the proofs that the Crinkle quarries did not belong to Governor Crinkle, but to other parties, herself being one of those parties; and striking her small clenched fist, not in anger, but with decision, on the table, she said, "He shall refund all and give up all; I shall delight to bring the old tyrant to book!" adding, "I have published far and near that I am one of the owners of the works, and by this time he must have heard it. Yes, yes, we'll bring him to book!"

Captain Chancellor smiled as he answered, "He wants teaching out of more than your book; I have been with him this morning, and curiously enough on the same business as yours."

Here he entered into an account of all that had passed between them, and described the governor's bitter animosity towards "all Chancellors," and the celebrated eyeless portrait of "Aunt Hester."

"Ah! she deserved it (in effigy)! A sadly wasted woman if all I have heard is true, but you are the only 'Chancellor' with whom I have ever come into contact for years and years. I know nothing of the family to which I first belonged."

Captain Chancellor then told her of the claim that was made on the quarries by his sister, Mrs. Callendar, in behalf of her orphans.

She listened with great interest, and exclaimed, "Oh, it is just—quite just. My claim is but small, and I want none of it, for I have enough; but for justice sake I was determined to have the thing inquired into, and here's a copy of that poor runaway woman's will; I got it from Doctors' Commons in consequence of—"

Here Mrs. Macfarlane again knocked at the door. "If you please, ma'am, here's a man—by name Chippery—would be glad to see you 'on business.'"

"Oh!" exclaimed the captain; "my old friend, 'Sunday!'"

Madame Topliffe looked at him inquiringly, and he told her he thought he could guess "the busi-

ness." He then related enough of what had passed to explain.

"Show him up," said madame. "You see the report has spread; I'm glad of it."

Job appeared much relieved when he saw his morning acquaintance there, and in a few words told his errand. Madame Topliffe fixed her eyes on him while he spoke.

"Why did the governor turn you off?" she asked.

Job answered, "He couldn't say how it came about; he got offended somehow."

"I suppose he's easily offended?" she suggested. "Governor's always been a good paymaster to me, and I'm sorry to leave his work," he replied, firmly, but respectfully.

"Well said!" cried Madame Topliffe. "I don't like to hear people abuse their employers when they turn them off. Serve *me* as you have served *him* (if ever you have need to do it). Here," writing as she spoke, "take this order to the overseer of the quarries; I have seen him. I put you on at the works, and I hope you will keep there. This gentleman has given you a workman's character."

Job's surprise and happiness made him silent. Madame Topliffe perceived it, and said, with a smile, "Go, good man; never mind thanks."

"Quite 'a triumphal arch,' I call that, to grace the opening of my proprietorship. Don't you?" she said, turning gaily to the captain. "Now, Capel, you mustn't go to-night; you must be my chaperone to the Thorpe. We'll go and beard the lion in his den! I'm quite impatient for it!"

"I chaperone *you*!" he exclaimed. "Nay, it must be your protection that will enable me to face him. You call him a lion; I demur; he's a *bear*!"

"Oh, we shall be two to one; good odds. Let us go at once." She started up and rang her bell. "My bonnet and my scarf, good friend," she cried, as Mrs. Macfarlane entered.

"You have no carriage here?" the captain asked.

"Carriage! do I travel with a carriage?" she asked, almost scornfully. "There will be a cab or fly got for me at once. Something to take me and this gentleman to the Thorpe," she said, quickly, to the landlady, as she put on her bonnet and scarf.

Mrs. Macfarlane declared there was not a carriage for hire, except what were engaged; her husband owned them all.

"But we *must* go!" exclaimed madame, with energy.

"If it's any message, ma'am, the baker's going up in his cart; he'll take it," replied the landlady.

"Baker's cart! delightful! What could be better! Plenty of room and clean. Come, Capel; we'll go in the baker's cart!"

HOW MANY JEWS ARE THERE IN THE WORLD?

THE Jewish people have had a wonderful history in the past ages of the world, and (apart from sacred prophecy) many circumstances combine to show that a great future is in store for them. They are "the chosen people" of God. Scattered among all nations, and to be found in every inhabitable part of the globe, the Hebrew nation is the only truly cosmopolitan, and represents, both

in time and space, physically and morally, the most surprising of historical and ethnographical phenomena.* Scripture tells us that on their departure from Egypt there were 600,000 of them without the women and children, which makes it plain

* "Dispersi, palabundi et cœli et soli sui extorres, vagantur per orbem sine nomine, sine Deo et rege, quibus nec advenarum jure terram patriam saltem vestigio salutare conceditur."—Tertullian.

that the entire number must have ranged at least from 1,500,000 to 2,000,000. The Jews of modern times are the descendants of no more than the sixth part of those who are mentioned in Exodus. Their aggregate number being roughly estimated between seven and eight millions, it may be asserted that the entire Jewish nation, assuming the ten "lost tribes" to have increased and multiplied like those of Judah, Benjamin, and Levi, would now be no less than forty millions strong, which is about the population of the German empire or of the United States. However, it is only with the traceable Jews we have to busy ourselves now, and those are to be found chiefly in Europe, and by far the largest number of them in those vast tracts of land which, until the middle of the seventeenth century, formed the monarchical republic of Poland. The kingdom of the Piastes and the Jagellones was, during the Middle Ages, the refuge of all those many thousands of Jews who were anxious to find a refuge from the persecutions they underwent in other countries of Europe, and Poland, where they were treated with kindness, formed a sort of half-way house for them on their intended return to the Land of Promise; nay, so great and irresistible did they find the attractions of Sarmatia, that they lost sight of the goal of their anxious longing altogether, and over the flesh pots of Poland forgot the land of milk and honey.

But to return to statistics, let us first give a general account of the numbers of Jews to be found in the various countries of the world. In doing so we shall endeavour to follow the census returns of 1870 and 1871, or those coming nearest to these two years, so as to equalise the time as nearly as possible, and prevent errors that might arise from the diversity of the period in which the enumeration took place. Having given the numbers in a general way, we purpose to give particulars of those countries in which the children of Israel muster strongest. In those cases in which there are no census returns of religious professions extant, approximate estimates are found, and in each of these cases an asterisk is prefixed to the name of the country.

EUROPE.

*Great Britain and Ireland	52,000
France (1872)	49,439
Belgium (1871)	3,000
Low Countries (1873) and Luxemburg	68,526
German Empire (1871)	512,160
Switzerland	6,996
*Italy	43,000
*Spain and Portugal	3,500
Sweden (1870)	1,836
Norway (1865)	25
Denmark (1870)	4,290
Russia and Poland (1870)	2,759,811
*Turkey in Europe	350,000
Greece	5,600
*Roumania	250,000
Servia (1871)	1,719
Austro-Hungarian Monarchy (1875)	1,875,861
	5,487,763

ASIA.

Turkey	120,000
*Persia	100,000
*British India†	15,000

* There are now upwards of 30,000 Jews in Palestine. Of these, the largest numbers are to be found in the following places, viz., Jerusalem, 13,500; Safet, 5,000; Tiberias, 2,500; Hebron, 1,000; Jaffa, 1,000; Haifa, 1,500.

† According to the "Times" of India there were in Bombay in 1865, 322 Jews. In Calcutta 681 (Census Report of Calcutta, 1866).

*Bokhara	13,500
Russian Caucasus	22,732
Siberia	11,941
Russian Central Asia	3,396
*Kingdom of Yemen	350,000
*Arabia	150,000
*Other Countries, about	10,000
	796,569

AFRICA.

*Morocco	340,000
*Algiers	80,000
*Tripoli	160,000
*Tunis	150,000
*Egypt	13,000
*Nubia	20,000
*Abyssinia (Falashas)	250,000
*Other Countries, about	50,000
	1,063,000

AMERICA.

*United States	500,000
Dominion of Canada (1871)	1,115
*West Indies and other countries, about	13,000
	514,115

Total.

Europe	5,487,763
Asia	796,569
Africa	1,063,000
America	514,115
Australasia	7,000
	7,868,447

Those countries on which we purpose to supply some particulars are Germany, Austria, and Russia, inasmuch as Russia and Austria between them possess more than half the Jewish population of the world, and the three emperors combined have three-fifths of all the descendants of Abraham for their subjects. In order to fully elucidate the importance of the Hebrew element in these countries, we shall state in each instance the aggregate population of the country or district, and the percentage of the Jews in the general population.

GERMANY.

	Population.	Jews.	Jews in every 1000.
Alsace-Lorraine	1,549,733	40,923	26.5
Bavaria	4,852,026	50,662	10.4
Baden	1,461,562	25,703	17.5
Württemberg	1,818,539	12,245	6.75
Hesse (Grand Duchy)	852,894	25,373	30.
Hamburg	338,974	13,796	42.
Prussia	24,606,532	325,565	13.2

Among the eleven provinces of the Prussian kingdom the Jews are divided as follows:—

Prussia proper [Königsberg]	3,137,545	41,057	13.
Brandenburg [Berlin]	2,863,229	47,484	16.6
Pomerania [Stettin]	1,431,633	13,036	9.1
Posen [Posen]	1,583,843	61,982	39.
Silesia [Breslau]	3,707,167	46,629	12.6
Saxony [Magdeburg]	2,103,174	5,917	2.8
Schleswig-Holstein	995,873	3,729	3.7
Hanover	1,963,618	12,799	6.5
Westphalia [Münster]	1,775,175	17,245	9.7
Hesse-Nassau [Frankfort]	1,400,370	36,390	26.
Rhineland [Cologne]	3,579,347	38,423	10.5

In the minor German states there are not quite so many Jews, and even in the kingdom of Saxony there are but 3,357 Jews in a population of 2,556,244, being no more than 1-30 Jews in every 1,000 or 13 in 10,000.

AUSTRIA AND HUNGARY.

Austria (1875)	20,394,980	822,220*	40.
Hungary (1875)	15,509,455	558,641†	36.

* Cisleithania,

† Transleithania,

Another statement gives a slightly different total, but distributed thus:—

Galicia*	575,433
Hungary.	517,338
Bohemia.	89,539
Moravia.	42,644
Transylvania.	24,848
Lower Austria.	51,880
Bukowina.	47,775
Silesia.	6,123
Styria.	734
Upper Austria.	690
Croatia and Slavonia.	9,947
Tyrol and Vorarlberg.	353
Dalmatia.	233
Salzburg, Carinthia, and Carniola.	88
Military Frontier.	4,729
In active military service.	3,528
	1,375,882

RUSSIA.

By the subjoined statement it will be clearly seen that in those government districts of Russia which in olden times used to belong to Poland, the Jewish population is many times more numerous than in those which belonged to the kingdom of the Ruricks and Romanoffs. These districts of White Russia and Ukraine are the following, viz.—

	Aggregate population.	Jews.	Proportion of Jews to aggregate population per 1000.
Bessarabia	1,078,932	98,114	90
Cherson	1,596,809	131,916	81
Grodno	1,008,521	124,815	124
Kiew	2,175,132	277,479	128
Kovno	1,156,041	155,409	134
Minsk	1,182,230	143,504	123
Mohileff	947,625	118,727	126
Podolia	1,933,188	242,496	126
Paltava	2,102,614	48,423	24
Tauria	1,140,015	24,497	21
Tchernigoff	1,659,600	50,121	30
Wilna	1,001,909	109,196	109
Witebsk	888,727	86,587	96
Wolhynia	1,704,018	223,363	132
Yekaterinoslaw	1,352,300	36,331	26
Courland	619,154	34,810	56

KINGDOM OF POLAND.

Kalisz	669,261	65,125	98
Kiele	518,730	51,661	100
Lublin	707,098	94,961	136
Lomza	489,699	75,380	154
Piotrkow	682,495	79,687	118
Plock	471,938	48,506	102
Radom	532,466	74,104	142
Siedlec	504,606	74,584	148
Suwalki	524,489	87,839	170
Warsaw	925,639	163,586	170
	6,026,421	815,433	135

In other parts of Russia the number of Jews is but small. Thus, in the district of St. Petersburg, there are no more than 7,789 in a population of 1,325,471, or about 6 in every 1,000; and among the Kossacks of the Don there are no more than 187 Jews, or about $1\frac{1}{2}$ in every 10,000, or 175 in a million. On the whole, however, it will be seen from the foregoing that in the western half of the Russian empire the Jews are more numerous than in any other country of the world, whereas in Finland it is not in evidence that there are any Jews at all.

Croydon, 1876.

J. ALEXANDER.

* We have no particulars of the general population in the different provinces and "crown lands" before us as they now stand.

AMERICAN CARICATURISTS.

IV.—THOMAS NAST.

FEW names have become as widely known throughout the United States as that of Thomas Nast, the caricaturist of "Harper's Weekly." In the mining camps of Nevada, among the rancheros of Texas, or the hardy lumber-men in the pine forests of the North, Nast's pictures are as keenly appreciated as amongst the most exclusive coteries of Philadelphia or the autocrats of every Boston breakfast-table. In party warfare, the Republicans owe Nast no small debt of gratitude for the heartiness with which he espoused their cause, and for his wonderful ingenuity and adroitness in ridiculing their opponents. Public wrong-doers of every kind have felt the poignancy of his satire; nor have the vices and follies of social life escaped castigation at his hands. Children are special favourites with him, and hundreds of American boys and girls have annual reason to be grateful for his intercession on their behalf with Santa Claus, for the toys and sweets which fall to their lot at Christmas-tide. The "Heathen Chinese" in California was not too far away to experience the benignity of his genius in evoking protection against the revolvers and knives of a San Francisco mob; the corrupt rulers of New York city were not so firmly entrenched behind their iniquitous ramparts but his assaults could precipitate their overthrow.

If we will take the trouble to think, it is astonishing how many of our ideas respecting individuals we shall find to have been suggested by the caricaturists. A few years ago, one of the most familiar figures in "Punch" was that of the late Lord Palmerston, who was invariably represented with a twig in his mouth. The twig became identified with the man, and had we come upon the prime minister in the street, we should have involuntarily turned our eyes to see if the twig was in its place. Its absence would have been felt as a positive disappointment, but the fault would not have been with the artist of "Punch," but with the neglect of his lordship. In the same way the eyeglass of John Bright, or the peculiar curl which adorns the forehead of Lord Beaconsfield, are prominent in our minds when we think of the men themselves. This faculty of creating objective individuality is one of Nast's strongest points; and in some of his pictures the person intended is to be recognised with perfect certainty, although it may happen that only the smallest section of a figure is visible. His purely emblematic designs are equally forcible. The *motif* in his compositions is never obscure, while the enormous fertility of his invention gives freshness and piquancy to every effort of his pencil.

Uncle Sam, the anthropomorphic symbol of American ideas and opinions, is with Nast no longer the gawky buffoon of former years, but while his eccentricities of dress and manner have been retained, he has been endowed with a dignity and force of character which, in his earlier portraits, is entirely wanting.

The only other caricaturist in America worthy of comparison with Nast is Matt. Morgan, an Englishman, whose clever designs in the "Tomahawk" are still remembered in London. Morgan is attached to

the staff of "Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper," a journal which is strongly democratic in its political affinities, so that his rivalry with Nast is political as well as artistic. Morgan's talent as an artist is indubitably superior to that of Nast, but as a caricaturist he is inferior both in originality and in the subtle dexterity with which the latter is able to seize upon and embody the fleeting passions and fancies by which the public mind is agitated. Morgan's disadvantage of alien birth suggests itself as a ready explanation of this difference, but it is negatived by the fact that Nast also is only an American by adoption. It thus happens that neither of the leading

Heenan. This duty performed, Nast wandered off to the Continent, where he was just in time to witness many of the most stirring events of the Italian revolution. He was present at several of the engagements fought by Garibaldi and his gallant companions, and supplied a number of sketches both for American papers and for the "Illustrated London News." Up to this time, however, the peculiar bent of his genius had never displayed itself; and even after his return to New York, in 1862, a considerable period elapsed before he began to distinguish himself in that branch of art in which he was to become famous.



WHO STOLE THE PEOPLE'S MONEY?—DO TELL. N.Y. TIMES

"T'WAS HIM."

American caricaturists of the day was born in the United States. Although it was necessary to speak of Morgan in this connection, he is properly to be ranked amongst the English caricaturists, and a more extended notice of him would therefore be out of place.

Thomas Nast was born at Landau, in Bavaria, on the 27th of September, 1840. His father was a musician, who, with his family, emigrated to America when Nast was six years old. The mind of the artist could not therefore have been very deeply impressed by the surroundings of his infancy, although in many of his pictures it is powerfully evident that he has retained his German sympathies. At the age of fourteen Nast obtained his first employment as a draftsman from Frank Leslie, and by 1860 he had so far risen in his profession as to be appointed "special artist" to visit England, on the occasion of the brutal encounter between Sayers and

For nearly four years the conflict between North and South had been raging with the utmost intensity. Neither side had obtained any permanent advantage. The earnestness with which the entire white population of the Southern States had flung itself into the struggle had counterbalanced the advantages derived by the North from the superiority of its resources. Thousands of blue-clad volunteers had found graves in the valley of the Shenandoah or along the banks of the Potomac, yet still the South, under Lee, their brave Virginian leader, showed a dauntless and unbroken front. Many a family in New England mourned the loss of its bread-winner; many a western homestead had been desolated by the fall of its stalwart sons beneath the bullets of the enemy or the agues and fevers of the Southern swamps. The gain of to-day's victory was lost by to-morrow's defeat, while the end was as remote as ever. Peace, even at the price of seces-

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sion, appeared preferable to the horrors of interminable bloodshed. After all, the servile Africans were perhaps happy in their Southern bondage. The story of their sufferings was doubtless overdrawn.

timid. Secession was national suicide, and the boasted liberty of the American Republic a paltry sham as long as slavery existed in the land. The evil which had penetrated the whole social fabric now



NAPOLÉON.

"DEAD MEN'S CLOTHES SOON WEAR OUT."

Better they should remain in ignorance of a blessing they had never known than for brethren of a nobler race to continue in bloodthirsty and unnatural strife. But the leaders of the party were not to be driven from their purpose by the affrighted clamours of the

threatened its overthrow, but the time had come for its removal, and those who had undertaken to direct the effort were not men to be dismayed by the cost. The majority of the Northern people were steadfast in their purpose of preserving the Union and uproot-

ing slavery. Notwithstanding the terrible disasters they had already undergone, their determination was unchanged. Still the cry of the weak-hearted for peace at any price was uttered loudly enough to be mistaken by less acute ears for the voice of the nation, and the citizens of that political No Man's Land which exists in every community, and whose only creed is to "shout with the biggest crowd," began to swell the ranks of the discontented in formidable numbers.

At this juncture Nast came to the front as a caricaturist. A large cartoon, bearing the since familiar signature of Thomas Nast, appeared in "Harper's Weekly" for the 3rd September, 1864. It was dedicated to the Chicago Convention, to which the peace party had just elected delegates. The design represented the grave of a Union soldier. Beside it stood an armed Confederate, with his foot resting contemptuously on the grave, across which he has clasped hands with a crippled and disarmed Unionist. The style of the design was new to the Americans, and the wonderful directness and force of its meaning was instantly apparent. The mute eloquence of the appeal could not be mistaken, and Nast, like a certain distinguished poet, may be said to have awoke in the morning and found himself famous. Seldom has an artist achieved fame as suddenly as Nast did by this single effort, and still more seldom has one shown himself capable of sustaining the position thus acquired. Henceforward Nast's path was clearly defined, and from the time his first cartoon appeared in Harper's he has been an almost weekly contributor to the pages of that journal. During the presidential campaign which ended in Lincoln being elected for the second time, and until the remnant of the Confederates laid down their arms to Grant and his veterans at Appotomax Court House, Nast's pencil was never idle. The Southern foe, the Democratic enemies in the North, the social follies of the hour, were assailed with a vigour which no previous American caricaturist had the courage or ability to attempt.

As an advocate of temperance, Nast has upon occasion shown himself as earnest as George Cruikshank. Christmas Day does not obtain the universal observance in New York that it receives farther south; while, on the other hand, New Year's Day is as great a festival in the American metropolis as it is in Paris. One of the customs of the day is for gentlemen to pay a visit of ceremony to all their lady friends. Each visit may last probably only a few minutes, but it is usual for the visitor before departing to drink a glass of wine proffered by the hostess. As may be supposed, the ordeal is a trying one to a gentleman having a long list of acquaintances, and the numerous glasses of wine politeness has impelled him to drink, will by the end of the day have reduced him to a state bordering on helpless intoxication. When it is remembered that the Americans are an exceedingly social and hospitable people, the magnitude of the evils brought about by these New Year's visits may be imagined. Nast gave a heavy blow to the practice in a large cartoon, under which he inscribed "Eve at it again." A caller has just entered the drawing-room of one of his friends, and the lady is in the act of presenting him with the customary glass of wine. The victim is sadly disorganised by the calls he has already made, and steadies himself with difficulty by aid of a table, while he mumbles some incoherent conventionalisms befitting the occasion.

Other visitors are in the room, all showing more or less the effects of the vinous prescriptions of their fair friends. The ladies were indignant with the artist for throwing the blame entirely upon them, but the censure was not unmerited. They had the good sense to take the hint, and for the last year or two the practice of offering wine on such occasions has to a large extent been discontinued. The press and the pulpit had long denounced the evil, but it remained for Nast to give point to their arguments; and to him the honours of victory are in a great measure due.

It is as a political caricaturist, however, that Nast chiefly merits attention. When he strikes, it is with all the force at his command, and with a vindictive energy which knows no mercy. Some of his attacks upon political foes are almost brutal in the relentless malignity with which he follows every movement of his victim; but apart from politics, upon which of course opinions may differ, he always appears as the champion of morality and justice. It is perhaps this terrible earnestness of purpose which has done more than anything else to maintain Nast in the position he occupies. The evils against which he fought had attained a magnitude of which, happily, Englishmen of the present day can have no conception, and against which the gentle humour of a Leech or a Tenniel would be powerless. It was a fight with giants encased in armour which long impunity had made proof against the mere shafts of ridicule, and the only hope of victory was by employing some mighty engine of warfare to crush them.

The Civil War had for years absorbed public attention to the almost complete neglect of everything else. Municipal affairs, particularly in New York, had been left to take care of themselves. Eternal vigilance is said to be the price of freedom, and it is certainly true of freedom from public corruption in New York. With the collapse of the Southern Confederacy people began to have time to think of their more immediate concerns, and the citizens of New York awoke to the conviction that their municipal government was in the hands of able but unscrupulous rogues. The public money was annually stolen, not by thousands but by millions of dollars; while, as long as every office was filled by nominees of the "ring," specific charges could not be urged for lack of proof, and the very officers of justice before whom the cases would have to be tried were themselves deep in guilt. The technical provisions of the constitution were carefully observed, but every report or statement was systematically falsified, so that while the most gigantic frauds were known to exist, it was impossible to individualise them. At the head of the "ring" was Alderman William M. Tweed, a man of consummate tact, and versed in every artifice of political wire-pulling. His personal influence and popularity was immense, and step by step he had risen by sheer force of cunning, until he became the acknowledged leader of the "ring." Tweed was no common thief. Before beginning his wholesale depredations on the public funds, he had taken care to close every avenue by which justice could reach him, by filling all the offices, from policemen and clerks to judges on the bench, with able scoundrels in his interest, who, as the price of their connivance, were allowed to do a certain amount of plundering on their own account. His ingenuity baffled every effort at investigation, while his popularity with the mass of illiterate voters in New York

secured his continuance in office. At length a petty dispute over an unpaid advertisement bill drew upon the "ring" the resentment of the "New York Times," one of the most influential of the daily papers. It managed to get hold of some very damaging evidence against Tweed, which it published, and the tide began to turn against the iniquitous "ring." It is doubtful, however, if much impression would have been made, had not Nast taken up the cause against them; but this he did with so much earnestness and persistency, that the outburst of public indignation resolved itself into a steady determination to rid the city of its corrupt rulers. Tweed himself is said to have admitted that as long as it was merely the daily journal that attacked him, he could laugh at their efforts, but the sharp incisive blows of Nast's pencil, concentrating a whole acre of written eloquence in a single picture, carried conviction, and roused the dormant energies of the taxpayers. An attempt was made by the "ring" to bribe Nast, which, however, signally failed. The portly form of Tweed, with his three companions, Okey Hall, Peter B. Sweeney, and "Dick" Conolly, appeared week after week under some fresh form to excite the scorn and contempt of the people. The "ring" controlled the public schools, and Harper's series of school-books, heretofore most extensively used, were suddenly banished. The edict was swiftly followed by a return blow from Nast, who represented Sweeney throwing the books out of a schoolroom window, while Tweed and Hall were engaged in teaching the children the "Tammany" catechism. Even when his guilt was clearly proved, Tweed's boldness did not desert him, but, turning upon his accusers, he impudently asked them, "Well, what are you going to do about it?" intimating that as long as he and his election officers counted the votes, there would be no chance of turning him out of office, and even threatening to let loose upon the city the ruffianly mob, to protect by violent means, if need be, his interest at the voting-places. Those who know what New York roughs are, composed of criminals from every quarter of the world, may understand what was implied by this threat. Nast was equal to the emergency, and one of the most powerful of all his caricatures was the result. It was entitled "The Tammany Tiger let loose." It represented a Roman arena, in the centre of which crouched the Tammany Tiger with its fangs reeking with the blood of its mangled victim, Justice. Tier above tier sat the members of Tammany enjoying the spectacle, while Imperial Tweed and his familiars complacently regarded the victory of their brutal champion. It may be stated in explanation that Tammany is the name of the chief Democratic club in New York, at that time completely under the control of the "ring." A reduced copy of another of the caricatures, issued somewhat later in the struggle with the "ring," is given on page 808. The various elements and members composing the "ring" are represented standing in a circle, and in answer to the oft-repeated question, "Who stole the people's money?" each man is indicating his right-hand neighbour as the culprit. The corpulent man, with the gigantic diamond in his shirt bosom, is "Boss" Tweed himself; Peter B. Sweeney stands on the left of Tweed; then comes "Dick" Conolly, and lastly, Mayor Okey Hall. No act of dishonesty was proved against the latter, but he weakly allowed himself to become a tool in the hands of able rascals. Dis-

honesty is sure of ultimate failure, and the "ring" found it so, as one by one its members were turned out of the offices they had abused, and forced either to escape or pay the penalty of their crimes. The overthrow of Tammany was complete, and its accomplishment is considered one of the greatest achievements of the New York press. Nast celebrated the victory by representing Tweed and his friends lying crushed beneath an enormous printing-press, on the top of which was perched the artist himself. "Boss" Tweed fought desperately against his fate, but was eventually tried and sentenced to imprisonment, while his ill-gotten gains, amounting, it is said, to upwards of five millions of dollars, about one million pounds sterling, were seized upon by the law. After a short imprisonment he effected his escape, but in September last was rearrested in Spain, having been identified by means of one of the very caricatures which had been instrumental in causing his downfall.

The events of the Franco-Prussian War, and the sudden collapse of Imperialism in France, furnished subjects for a series of caricatures by Nast. In these the German sympathies of the artist show themselves very prominently, while they also express what may also be considered the prevailing opinion of the Americans. Much pity was felt for France in the hour of her distress, but it could not be forgotten that the French people had for years submitted to the government of a man who had waded through blood to his throne, and who depended on terrorism and duplicity for his maintenance. The Americans never forgave Napoleon for his attempt upon Mexico, and it is well known that the failure of that attempt was largely due to the attitude assumed by the United States Government. This national antipathy was doubtless intensified in Nast by his German proclivities, and he is terribly severe in his caricatures of the fallen emperor. The illustration which appears on the 809th page is from a caricature by Nast, published shortly after Sedan, and is a good sample of the broad and vigorous style of the artist. The nerveless figure of the emperor, clad in the patched and tattered garments of his great uncle, is painfully intense in its expression of agonising despair. Crushed, conquered, deceived by his own dupes, enfeebled in health, and with the whole fabric of his ambition crumbled at a blow, the imperial trickster sits in musing solitude. The truth of the picture is terribly real, but it is terribly painful, and we turn from it with a sigh of relief. A closely similar composition was entitled, "Thrown completely into the shade." The German Emperor is standing before a portrait of Buonaparte, by Paul Delaroché, upon which his shadow falls in such a way that the figure in the portrait is thrown into deep shade. The meaning of the design is obvious.

A mere list of Nast's most famous caricatures would be tediously long. His industry is no less remarkable than the fecundity of his imagination, and it would be difficult to name an event or a subject which has excited public attention in America during the past ten years that has not been more or less amply illustrated by his pencil. No English caricaturist of the present day occupies a relative position to that of Nast in America; and notwithstanding some defects which might appear in his works, if judged by the standard of English taste, the position he occupies is fully merited.

J. V. WHITAKER.

EARLY CIVILISATION.

BY GEORGE RAWLINSON, M.A., CAMDEN PROFESSOR OF ANCIENT HISTORY, OXFORD, AND CANON OF CANTERBURY.

X.—RESULTS OF THE INQUIRY.

THE general result of the inquiry which has been pursued in this periodical through a series of ten papers* would seem to be that, so far as civilisation can be traced back historically, there is one country, and one country only, where the critical judgment of the present day is still in suspense, and some difficulty exists in reconciling the conclusions of historical and archæological science with those moderate notions of the date whereto the past history of our race extends which till lately were almost universally held, and which are still generally maintained in educational text-books. Exaggerated chronologies are common to a large number of nations; but critical examination has (at any rate in all cases but one) demonstrated their fallacy, and the many myriads of years postulated for their past civilisation and history by the Babylonians and Assyrians, the Hindoos, the Chinese, and others, have been shown to be pure fiction, utterly unworthy of belief, and not even requiring any very elaborate refutation. Cuneiform scholars confidently place the beginnings of Babylon about B.C. 2300,† of Assyria about B.C. 1500.‡ The best Aryan scholars place the dawn of Iranic civilisation about B.C. 1500,§ of Indic about B.C. 1200.|| Chinese investigators can find nothing solid or substantial in the past of the "Celestials" earlier than B.C. 781, or at the furthest B.C. 1154.¶ For Phœnicia the date assigned by the latest English investigator is "the sixteenth or seventeenth century before Christ."** The researches of Dr. Schliemann in the Troad give indications of the existence of a low type of civilisation in that region, which may reach back to about B.C. 2000.†† In the rest of Asia Minor we have no certain knowledge of any civilisation that has a greater antiquity than about B.C. 900.‡‡ In Europe, the simple and incipient civilisation delineated by Homer must have existed before his time, and may have commenced as early as the Trojan epoch, which is probably about B.C. 1300—1200. No other European civilisation can compete with this, the Etruscan not reaching back further than about B.C. 650 or 700,§§ and the Celtic, such as it was, being really subsequent to the occupation of England by the Romans.|||| A consensus of savants and scholars almost unparalleled limits the past history of civilised man to a date removed from our own time by

less than 4,400 years, *excepting in a single instance*. There remains one country, one civilisation, with respect to which the learned are at variance, there being writers of high repute who place the dawn of Egyptian civilisation about B.C. 2700, or only four centuries before that of Babylon, while there are others who postulate for it an antiquity exceeding this by *above two thousand four hundred years!*

It is well remarked by Professor Owen, in his able paper, "On the Antiquity of Egyptian Civilisation,"* that "the value to be assigned to discrepant conclusions on a matter of scientific research, must rest on the evidence with which such conclusions may be severally supported." Most certainly, no one would desire the decision to be made on any other grounds than these. The whole question is one of evidence, and to that point we shall presently proceed to address ourselves; but there is one preliminary consideration to which we think it right to call the attention of our readers.

The same amount of evidence is not sufficient to establish all conclusions. Very slight and weak testimony is enough for reasonable men, if the point to be established is intrinsically probable. Much higher and stronger testimony is necessary if it is improbable. If it is very highly improbable, reasonable men will hesitate to accept the conclusion unless the evidence for it be well-nigh overwhelming.

Now, in the present case, the conclusion sought to be established by the advocates of the "long chronology" is, we venture to say, *very highly improbable*. It is no less than to suppose one section of mankind to have stood for above two thousand years on a totally different level from all other sections. It is to suppose settled government, law, order, high morality, art, science of a certain kind, to have existed for two thousand years in a single locality without spreading to other nations, without being imitated, without communicating itself; and this, not in a sequestered island, not in a remote corner of the earth, but in a veritable "highway of nations," in a land which has always been a passage territory between east and west, between north and south, which stands in the closest connection with the fairest portions of the eastern world, and (as has often been said) "belongs to Asia rather than to Africa." What was the rest of mankind doing while Egypt stood at this proud eminence? Why did they make no similar advance anywhere else? How came they, all of them, to rest content with their knives of flint and chert, their stone hammers and adzes, their ornaments of bone and shell, their huts of reeds and clay, or at best of sun-dried bricks? Did they know nothing of Egypt during these twenty or five-and-twenty centuries? or did they look on without envy at the happy country in their midst, and make no efforts to be like her? To us, nothing seems more unlikely, more inconceivable, than two millenniums of high Egyptian civilisation, including art, science, good government, a fair system of morality, and an elaborate social order, while all the rest of the world was sunk in darkness, had no history, no settled

* Besides the eight papers contributed by the present writer in the numbers for January, February, March, April, May, June, August, and September, two other articles—one by Professor Owen, in the May number, and the other by Dr. Edkins, in the number for October—are contributions towards the discussion of the subject.

† Lenormant, "Manuel d'Histoire Ancienne de l'Orient," vol. II. p. 22; G. Smith, "Notes on the Early History of Assyria and Babylonia," London, 1873, etc.

‡ Lenormant, "Manuel," vol. II. p. 55; Sayce in "Records of the Past," vol. III. p. 29, note 1.

§ Haug, "Essays on the Sacred Language, Writings, and Religion of the Parsees," p. 225.

|| Max Müller, "Ancient Sanskrit Literature," p. 572.

¶ See Dr. Edkins's article in our October number, p. 663.

** Kenrick, "Phœnicia," p. 340.

†† Assuming that the rate of accumulation on the site of Hissarlik prior to the building of the Greek Ilum, about B.C. 700, was tolerably uniform, and taking B.C. 1250 as the most probable date for the capture of Troy by the Greeks, we are brought to a time a little anterior to B.C. 2000 for the first deposit of human remains upon the native rock. The uniformity, however, of the rate of accumulation is uncertain.

‡‡ See the article on the Civilisations of Asia Minor in our May number, pp. 298-5.

§§ See our August number, p. 508.

|||| Compare the article on the Civilisation of the British Celts in our number for September, pp. 587-9.

government, and only the first germs of art and manufacture.

What, then, is the evidence upon which we are asked to accept this conclusion? A vague idea is afloat that the long Egyptian chronology is borne out by the Egyptian monuments; and even Professor Owen speaks of the "expanded ideas of time," which he entertains, as "deductions from lately-discovered inscriptions,"* as if the inscriptions were really the source from which the long chronology proceeds. But it cannot be too often repeated that this is not the fact. Nothing is more certain, nothing is more universally admitted by Egyptologists, than the absence from the monuments of any continuous chronology.† For the later portion of the history, the *Apis stela*, found by M. Mariette in the Serapeum,‡ which give the age of each bull at his demise, and the regnal year of the king or kings coincident with the bull's birth and death, furnish valuable chronological materials; but even these are incomplete, and for the earlier periods they fail entirely. All that the monuments supply for the time anterior to the eighteenth dynasty, consists of lists of kings, § unaccompanied, for the most part, by chronological data,|| and all of them more or less imperfect.¶ These lists, moreover, were in no case compiled earlier than the time of the eighteenth dynasty, and they are thus but very slight evidence, even of the existence of the more ancient monarchs named in them. Moreover, they differ one from another very considerably, both in the names and in the number of the monarchs whom they place on record, and it is only by an arbitrary preference of one of them to the rest, or by a still more arbitrary amalgamation, that a continuous list of the kings comprising the dynasties can be made out. The monuments for the most part determine nothing as to the length of a king's reign; they show some of the kings to have reigned conjointly,** but do not tell us to what extent this practice prevailed, and they leave wholly undetermined the question as to the extent to which kings of contemporary dynasties have been admitted into the lists.

The result, so far as the monuments are concerned,

* "Leisure Hour," May, 1876, p. 326.

† Stuart Poole says, "The evidence of the monuments with regard to the chronology is neither full nor explicit" ("Dictionary of the Bible," vol. i. p. 506); Bunsen, "History is not to be elicited from the monuments; not even its framework, chronology" ("Egypt's Place," vol. i. p. 32); Brugsch, "It is not till the commencement of the twenty-sixth dynasty that the chronology is founded upon dates which are not much wanting in exactness" ("Histoire d'Egypte," 2me ed. p. 25); Mariette and Lenormant, "The greatest obstacle to the establishment of a regular Egyptian chronology is the circumstance that the Egyptians themselves never had any chronology at all" ("Manuel d'Histoire Ancienne," vol. i. p. 322).

‡ See his work, "Renseignements sur les soixante quatre Apis trouvés au Serapeum," Paris, 1855.

§ There are five such lists. One is that of the Papyrus Roll, at present in the Turin Museum, and known as "the Turin Papyrus," which was edited by Sir Gardner Wilkinson as early as 1840; another, in stone, brought from the great Temple of Karnak, may be seen in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris; a third, also in stone, and known as the "Table of Abydos," is in the Egyptian collection of the British Museum; a fourth, known as the "Table of Sakkarah," forms a portion of the Khedive's collection at Cairo; the fifth, which has been called the "New Table of Abydos," is, I believe, still attached to the walls of the temple in which M. Mariette discovered it.

|| The Turin Papyrus is the only one of the five lists which contains any numbers. It is thought to have given, in its original condition, the length of each king's reign; but the numbers are for the most part indecipherable.

¶ The Turin Papyrus consists of 164 fragments, and in some dynasties more than half the names are obliterated. The Karnak list contained sixty-one names only; of these twelve are lost, and the original list itself is regarded as a mere selection. The "Old Table of Abydos" has lost twenty out of the fifty names inscribed on it; the "New Table" is in better condition, but still is imperfect, and makes the eighteenth dynasty follow immediately upon the twelfth. The "Table of Sakkarah" has only fifty-eight kings, and, like that of Karnak, is regarded as a selection.

** See Brugsch, "Histoire d'Egypte," p. 83.

may best be stated in the words of Brugsch:—"The difficulties in the way of determining the epochs of Egyptian history, instead of diminishing, increase from day to day. . . Perhaps, if the Turin Papyrus had been preserved to our times intact, we should have been able to establish the ancient chronology of Egypt. But at the present day no living man is capable of overcoming the difficulties which prevent the reconstruction of the canon. We lack the elements necessary for completing the gaps, and supplementing the historical remains, more especially of the earlier dynasties, these remains being too few and far between to be made use of with any success. Moreover, it is certain that the lists of kings which have come down to us have been cooked to suit particular views."

The long Egyptian chronology has not, then, resulted from the monuments, and cannot base itself upon them. It has arisen, as Dr. Brugsch observes, † entirely from the trust placed in the statements of the Egyptian priest Manetho, or rather in those reports of his statements which have reached our time. According to these, the priest of Sebennytus, writing about B.C. 250, claimed for the precedent Egyptian monarchy an antiquity of between five thousand and six thousand years.‡

Two questions here arise—1. Is Manetho correctly reported? and, 2. Are we bound to accept his statements as certainly true? In a former paper it was argued by the present writer that there is a reasonable doubt whether the Egyptian priest really intended his thirty dynasties of kings, the sum of whose joint reigns amounted to above 5,000 years, to be regarded as consecutive, and in no case contemporary.§ Only one modern *savant*|| takes the view that they were really all consecutive. All the rest admit the principle of contemporaneity, and only differ with regard to the extent to which it prevailed. The "long chronology" depends on denying contemporaneity, or reducing it to a minimum. If it is the fact that five or six of Manetho's dynasties were at times contemporary, ¶ his numbers might be correct, and yet the 5,000 years might have to be reduced to 2,000.

But can his numbers be considered correct? In the first place, there are three versions of them, no one of which has more external authority than the other two. In the second, where the monuments furnish any evidence at all, they contradict him frequently and vitally. Manetho gave to the three Pyramid kings reigns of sixty-three, sixty-six, and sixty-three—in all 192—years, or only eight years short of two centuries. The Turin Papyrus replaces these numbers by six, six, and twenty-four—in all thirty-six years, or less than one-fifth of Manetho's total.** Manetho gave to the predecessor of the second Menkheres a reign of forty-four years; the Turin Papyrus cuts the number down to eleven years.†† Manetho assigned to the first Sesostris (of the twelfth dynasty) a reign of forty-eight years; the

* Ibid. pp. 27-8.

† Brugsch, having noted the remarkable diversity of view among the savants of Germany with respect to the commencement of monarchy in Egypt—at diversity (as he observes) of above 2,000 years—appends the remark, "Les calculs en question sont basés sur les chiffres contenus dans les extraits de l'ouvrage du prêtre Manéthon sur l'histoire de l'Egypte" ("Histoire," p. 24).

‡ See the "Leisure Hour" for February, p. 102.

§ Ibid. note.

|| M. Mariette.

¶ As held by Wilkinson, Stuart Poole, and even Bunsen.

** See Brugsch, "Histoire d'Egypte," p. 43.

†† Ibid. p. 50.

monuments give him, at the utmost, nineteen years.* Similar discrepancies occur in scores of cases, and the result is greatly to discredit Manetho's numbers as they have come down to us. As Brugsch observes: "Les chiffres de Manethon sont dans un état déplorable;" and there exist no means of rectifying them.†

Supposing, however, that we could recover the original Manetho, should we be bound to accept him as an authority from whom there could be no appeal? Surely not. Manetho wrote about B.C. 280–250, or above 1,200 years after the accession of the eighteenth dynasty, about B.C. 1500. He professed to carry back the history of Egypt for some thousand or thousands of years before this. But what materials could he have for his history? Probably he had the same monumental lists which we possess, and others similar to them. He may have had access to the Turin Papyrus in its un mutilated state; he may have been able to refer to other documents of the same age. But there is no reason to think that he possessed contemporary memorials of the Middle or Old Empire, or knew anything more of them than the traditions which the monarchs of the eighteenth and nineteenth dynasties committed to writing, after a "shipwreck" of Egyptian civilisation,‡ in which all was lost. He could, it would seem, only have guessed the duration of the Shepherd dominion. The duration of the previous native empire must have been still more obscure. The Egyptians, when left to themselves, had "never had a chronology;"§ and documents like the Turin Papyrus, containing bare lists of kings with regnal years attached, could be of little value, except as showing what the monarchs of the nineteenth dynasty believed, or wished to be believed, as to the past of their country. Extant contemporary monuments might present in certain instances the names of the kings, but would be unlikely to show either which kings of a dynasty reigned conjointly, or which dynasties were contemporaneous. Copious remains, and a careful study of them, would have been needed to determine such points as these. The "shipwreck of civilisation" immediately preceding the eighteenth dynasty caused the remains to be scanty; the intense egotism of the monarchs would be unfavourable to anything like careful study of remote history.

Again, Manetho certainly failed to present a true version of the chronology subsequent to the eighteenth dynasty. Here Herodotus is sometimes more to be depended on than he.|| But if the priest of Sebennytus could be mistaken in respect of this (comparatively speaking) recent period, is it not likely that he committed still greater errors with regard to times very much more remote?

Let it be further noted that Manetho's scheme of thirty dynasties of Egyptian kings, beginning with Menes, with reigns of which the sum amounted to

between 5,000 and 6,000 years, was a part of a far larger scheme of mundane chronology*—which no one thinks of accepting—a scheme whereby the beginnings of Egyptian history were carried back to a date more than thirty thousand years anterior to the Christian era! All moderns agree that the greater portion of Manetho's chronological scheme is untrustworthy; the dispute is only as to the point at which we may begin to place any reliance upon it.

Upon the whole, we see no reason to retract the views expressed in our former paper on the subject of Egyptian chronology, which are briefly these:—1. That the eighteenth (native) dynasty commenced about B.C. 1500;† 2. That the Hyksos, or Shepherd period of foreign domination lasted, at the utmost, about two centuries and a half,‡ commencing not earlier than B.C. 1750; and 3. That the native dynasties anterior to the Hyksos domination, many of which were contemporary, may have covered a space of 500, 600, or 700 years, thus reaching back to B.C. 2250, or possibly to B.C. 2450. In this way Babylon and Egypt would be, in their origin as kingdoms, about contemporary; the Pyramids would have an antiquity of about 4,000 years; civilisation would have taken its rise in Egypt in the course of the third millennium B.C., and would have rapidly advanced in certain directions, as it also did in Babylon,§ while in others the progress made was small;|| the early civilisations of Phœnicia and Asia Minor would have followed on those of Egypt and Babylon at no great interval; civilisation would from the first have shown its tendency to spread and communicate itself; the earth would at no time have presented the spectacle of one highly-civilised community standing alone for thousands of years in the midst of races rude and unpolished; the progressive movement of civilisation would have been upon the whole equable, uniform, and, if we may use the term, natural.

Such are the chronological views which profane history, monumental and other, studied by itself, seems to us on the whole to favour. We should maintain them had the Bible never been written, or had it been entirely devoid of all chronological notices.¶ But we think it right to call the attention of our readers, whom we presume to be believers in revelation, to the fact that these views, while irreconcilable with the wholly unauthorised chronology of Archbishop Usher, harmonise admirably with the Biblical numbers, as they are given in the version called the Septuagint.

* Manetho's scheme was as follows:—

Dynasties of Egypt.		Years.
1. Reigns of the gods		13,900
2. Reigns of heroes		1,255
3. Reigns of other kings		1,817
4. Reigns of 30 Memphite kings		1,700
5. Reigns of 10 Thinite kings		350
6. Reigns of Manes and heroes		5,813
7. Reigns of the 30 dynasties		5,000 (perhaps 5,075).
Total		29,925 (perhaps 30,000).

† B.C. 1520 (Wilkinson); B.C. 1525 (Stuart Poole); B.C. 1600 (Birch).

‡ See the arguments of Canon Cooke in the "Speaker's Commentary," vol. i. p. 447.

§ See "Leisure Hour" for March, 1876, p. 189.

|| When Professor Owen says that the Sphinx of the Pyramids is a "sculpture of exquisite art and finish" ("Leisure Hour" for May, p. 324), and the statue of Chephren one "that will bear comparison with that of Watt, by Chantrey, in Westminster Abbey?" (ibid. p. 325), I can only profoundly disagree with him.

¶ Professor Owen seems to imagine that the curtailment of Manetho's numbers is a device of "Biblical critics," bent on forcing his chronology into an agreement with that of Scripture. But the curtailment began with the heathen writers, Eratosthenes and Apollodorus, who lived under the Ptolemies in the third and second centuries before Christ.

* Ibid. p. 83. Manetho is not always so greatly in excess with respect to his numbers; but on the whole he raises considerably the years of the kings' reigns, as given in the Turin Papyrus. That document favours the view that the average reign of an Egyptian monarch did not much exceed fifteen years.

† "Histoire d'Egypte," p. 25.

‡ Lenormant, "Manuel d'Histoire Ancienne de l'Orient," vol. i. p. 360: "Nous assistons donc, sous la quinzième et seizième dynastie à un nouveau naufrage de la civilisation Egyptienne."

§ Ibid. p. 322: "Les Egyptiens eux-mêmes n'ont jamais eu de chronologie."

|| For instance, Herodotus gives Neco a reign of sixteen years, Manetho one of six years only; but one of the Apis stela mentions Neco's sixteenth year. Again, Herodotus assigned to the Ethiopian dynasty, which Manetho makes his twenty-fifth, a period of fifty years. Manetho gave it forty (or forty-four) years. Mariette and Lenormant, presumably following the monuments, give to the dynasty a term of fifty years.

We subjoin a tabular view of the chief chronological conclusions at which we have arrived in this series of papers:—

	B.C.
Date of the Deluge, according to the Septuagint	about 3,200
Rise of Monarchy in Egypt	" 2,450
" " in Babylon.....(probably)	" 2,300
Earliest traces of civilisation in Asia Minor (probably)	" 2,000
Rise of Phœnicia	" 1,550
" " Assyria	" 1,500
Earliest Iranic civilisation (Zendavesta)	" 1,500
" " Indic (Vedas)	" 1,200
" " Hellenic (Homer)	" 1,200
Phrygian and Lydian civilisations commence	" 900
Etruscan civilisation commences	" 650
Lydian " " "	" 600

JOSEPH MAZZINI.

II.

DURING those sorrowful years in which Mazzini came and went, as occasion required, crossing with well-prepared passports over frontiers where the sharpest-eyed police were on the watch for him, and walking at large in cities where the sentence of death hung over his head, as if he had some magical power of eluding detection, it used to be said that he was under the especial care of the guardian angel of his beloved Italy.

In this long forty years' struggle against the dynasties of Italy two important charges are brought against Mazzini—the recklessness with which he sacrificed the patriots of his country by fruitless outbreaks, and the willing use of the dagger. Against these serious charges but little can be said. Nevertheless, it must be remembered that he spared not the chances of his own life for the salvation of his country; and the use of the dagger, in spite of ancient Roman and classic precedents, is one of the sins of the Italian character which education and wise government will bring, and is already bringing, into disuse.

Another feature of this eventful story, which, however, is perfectly natural to it, we must mention, namely, the enthusiasm of the women belonging to the Mazzini and Garibaldi party in England. More than one of these rendered services to his cause such as no man could have achieved. On one occasion, in the depth of winter, Mazzini being obliged to fly after one of his unsuccessful attempts, the knowledge came to his English friends that he was wholly without funds, sick, and destitute amongst strangers, in a remote valley of Switzerland. The generous sympathy of his friends could not leave him in this state. Nevertheless, the question arose, who would convey to him the necessary aid? The distance was great, there were few, if any, available railroads on the Continent at that time, and the undertaking consequently arduous. What a man, however, might hesitate to do, a young lady, highly educated and delicately nurtured, volunteered to undertake. The astonishment, fears, and remonstrances of her friends could not deter her, nor even render her less resolute. The money was secured on her person, and she set out. After a long and weary journey she reached the entrance of the valley in which Mazzini had found a retreat. The whole land was deeply buried in snow, and the latter part of the journey was compelled to be taken on foot. Attended by a trusty guide, and supported by an alpenstock, she went on wading in some

places through deep snow, until, utterly overcome by fatigue, but unabated in spirit, she sank to the ground. The guide then bore her forward in his arms. Thus she reached the village, and was carried into the house where Mazzini was hidden. His astonishment and emotion may be conceived. Here she soon recovered from her fatigue, and remained as a ministering angel to the proscribed patriot till both were in a condition to return to England.

Many years afterwards, in 1870, when the Italians had entered Rome, and Mazzini and other proscribed patriots were liberated from prison and exile by the general amnesty, he passed through Rome, refusing, however, to remain there longer than one night; and amongst the friends by whom he was attended was this former youthful heroine, then in middle age, the widow of an Italian patriot. The fidelity of his friends to Mazzini, and the enthusiastic devotion with which he inspired them, were indeed characteristics of his life.

We can afford space but for one other anecdote, and that derived from the time when Mazzini was in Rome, in 1849, and during the short but splendid triumvirate composed of himself, Saffi, and Armelli, but of which Mazzini was the animating soul. Rome was defended against the French troops, then about to bring back Pio Nono, who, after making concessions of which he was himself afraid, had fled to Gaeta, and now was again about to be imposed upon his reluctant people. The Roman populace, overjoyed to be delivered from the long, dark oppression of the papal rule, knew not how sufficiently to show their detestation of the old tyranny. The doors of the Inquisition were burst open, the prisoners found within its walls were set at liberty, and at the sight of underground cells and walled-up furnaces, in which the popular imagination believed that innocent men and women were burned alive, their rage could hardly be withheld from levelling the whole place with the ground. Again, so abhorrent to them was the luxurious state with which the Pope and cardinals had borne themselves in public, that they resolved not only to destroy all the splendid carriages of the cardinals, but the state carriage of the Pontiff himself.

This grand and stately vehicle, however, was saved by an ingenious device of Mazzini's. He made a present of it to the "Holy Bambino," or Infant Jesus, of the ancient church of the *Ara Celi*. This so-called *sacred* image is the veriest idol in Rome—an ugly wooden doll; even its hair is wood, coarsely carved, about two feet in length, with a crown on its head, and dressed in white silk, gold tinsel, and jewels; its feet, however, are of gold. A wonderful virtue is believed to exist in this holy image; it is a treasure of very great value to the priests of *Ara Celi*, who not only exhibit it with great pomp and ceremony once a year in the church, but who convey it with immense state in its own proper coach to the bedsides of the sick, where it is supposed to work miraculous cures. Mazzini, to whom all this was but the merest priestcraft and delusion, yet knowing the tenderness of the popular faith with regard to the Holy Bambino, and desirous of preserving, for its own intrinsic value, a thing of such immense worth as the state coach of the Pope, pleased the people and saved the coach by thus disposing of it.

Of this coach and this occasion, De Sanctis says, in his *Roma Papale*: "Mazzini gave to the Holy Bam-

bino the richest carriage in the world. It was built in 1820 by order of Cardinal Gonsalvo for Pius VII. This Pope it was who crowned, and afterward excommunicated, the first Napoleon, and who was himself dethroned, imprisoned, and afterwards restored. His successor, Leo XII, considered it too luxurious for the use even of a Pope, whilst it was in constant use by his successor, Gregory XVI, as well as by the present Pope, who succeeded him. The carriage itself cost the papal treasury 24,000 Roman crowns. It still exists as the papal carriage, and furnished one of the familiar stately sights of Rome until the entrance of the Italians confined the Pope to the Vatican, and the coach was shut up as an object too precious for rebel and heretic eyes. It is entirely covered with gold and miniature paintings; the seat for the coachman is covered with the richest red velvet, ornamented with gold fringe and embroidery. Behind the carriage are three magnificent angels, finely carved and gilt, supporting the papal tiara. Such is the carriage of the *soi-disant* successor of the poor fisherman of Galilee, and a rich prize it would have been to the revolutionists but for Mazzini's having bestowed it upon the idol of Ara Coeli, and thus preserved it for the return of one of his bitterest enemies."

But the struggles and the sufferings of those revolutionary conflicts of Italy are over. Let us now look on a great scene in Rome on March 17th, 1872. Mazzini had died in Genoa on the 10th. On this day he will be buried in Genoa, and on this day his bust will be publicly borne in triumph to the Campadoglio in Rome, crowned with laurel, to take its place amongst the heroes of antiquity.

The day was one of the most splendid and beautiful of this charming climate, a day made as for a royal festival. The whole city was astir by nine o'clock, and its streets were gay with the national flag—that flag of green, white, and red, the colours which Young Italy had combined as representing Unity, Equality, and Fraternity.

Before ten o'clock great numbers of other banners of immense size and great beauty were borne by bodies of men into the ample Piazza del Popolo, the appointed place of meeting, each bearing its crown of laurel and its long streamer ofrape. These were the banners of the various Roman societies, guilds, or clubs, surmounted by the gilt Roman eagle or the old wolf with her two human cubs, thus uniting the glory of ancient days with the new national life.

Each different association marched with its banner, and some of them with bands of music, and took up their position behind that great obelisk of Heliopolis, which was probably familiar to the ages of Joseph when the daughter of the great priest Potipherah was given to him for wife. Aloft in the clear sunshine, warm and bright as that of Egypt itself, rose the obelisk with its mysterious hieroglyphics; and through the old Flaminian Gate which witnessed so many triumphal entries of ancient Rome—through which Constantine drove when he came in from the fierce battle of the Milvian Bridge, as the maintainer of the new faith of Christ—now entered the funeral-car, bearing aloft the colossal figure of Italy, her right hand holding a wreath of laurel over the bust of Mazzini as if about to crown him, and her left hand pointing heavenward as if to indicate the home of all true patriots. This car was drawn by four white horses, and accompanied by forty young men bearing each aloft a white tablet inscribed with the name of

some patriot who had fallen in the long successive conflicts for the emancipation of Italy.

At exactly half-past ten the procession moved on up the long Corso with its various bands of music and composed of the various bodies and associations, each headed by its respective banner. Amongst these were the members who yet survived of the Roman Legion of 1848, a still numerous body, which at that memorable period broke up the papal rule and drove the Pope from Rome, only to be overpowered in their turn by the French. Then came the *Reduci*, or those who fought the battles of Young Italy against the old dynasties, and had returned from the banishment into which they had been driven. All these had their breasts covered with medals. To them succeeded the various associations of Rome; not one was absent; there was the Incorporated Society of Fine Arts, the engineers, united artisans, united brethren of Romagna, printers, tailors, joiners, butchers, coachmen, co-operatives, bakers, macaroni manufacturers, etc. Then came the Freemasons of Italy, a very numerous body, many of them men of high position in Rome; the Society of Free Thinkers, their *free thought* being political, not religious; to them followed a band of those who had returned from fighting in France under Garibaldi, the *Reduci* of the Vosges, with Ricciotti Garibaldi at their head. Finally came the various political clubs, or *Circoli*, who were followed by the funeral-car itself, which was now literally heaped up with flowers and wreaths which had been flung upon it from the windows and balconies as it passed. Close behind came a troop of ladies and of women of all conditions. So extensive was the procession, that when it was ascending the Campadoglio it had scarcely left the Corso—almost a mile distant. As it wound up the road from the Forum to the Campadoglio, it recalled the triumphs of ancient Rome, the ruined monuments of which stood solemnly around, sculptured arches, magnificent columns and temples, monuments of the Rome of past ages, through which moved the multitude of to-day in honour of a man who, with all his faults, was worthy to be a son of the best period of Roman history.

In the court of the Campadoglio the scene was not less imposing. The funeral-car had stopped to the left of the great equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, and around it were grouped the funereal tablets and the wreathed and craped banners, with various old leaders of the Mazzinian conflicts, and representatives from all parts of Italy, amongst whom were some members of the Rosselli family, in whose house Mazzini died. Two of his fellow-patriot soldiers made short addresses from the platform of the car, one of them being the last male survivor of a family which had all perished in the cause of Italian liberty. The bust was then carried into the Protomoteca of the Capitol, and, wreathed with laurel and bay, was placed between those of Michael Angelo and Christopher Columbus.

Mazzini has passed away, but his life and his works remain. What he attempted in its extreme range is unaccomplished, but not the less in its substantial greatness. He aimed at a republic and failed, but his work enabled Cavour to found a constitutional monarchy, which all who are in sympathy with the best Italian mind must desire to be long-enduring and prosperous; and much can be forgiven and forgotten in such a realisation.

MARY HOWITT.

Rome.



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